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THE
FEMALE RAKE:
OR,
Modern Fine Lady.

AN
EPISTLE
FROM
LIBERTINA to *SYLVIA.*

In which is contain'd,

The A-la-mode SYSTEM.

Men, ſome to Buſineſs, ſome to Pleaſure take,
But, every Woman is, at Heart, a Rake. POPE.

DUBLIN, Printed:
LONDON, Reprinted; and Sold by J. WILFORD, behind the Chapter-Houſe in St. Paul's Church-yard.
(Price One Shilling.)

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AN

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FROM

In the Press, and will be published in a few days,

THE ASS-MODE SYSTEM.

Men, Love to Behave, Love to Please, Love to Dance, Love to Play, Love to Sing, Love to Laugh, Love to Cry, Love to Pray, Love to Die.

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WHILE you, my Dear, with Philoſophic Eyes,
Look with Contempt, on all beneath the Skies,
Of Wiſdom fond, the diff'rent Orbs Survey,
And count the Stars which form the milky Way:
Who like a Solomon, by Age grown Wiſe,
Can Pleaſures paſt moſt prudently deſpiſe;
Gravely pronounce all Vanity, which you
By Years deny'd, no longer can purſue:

Who with much reading can, at length, discover
That Fifty is no charm t'engage a Lover, —
Say; did you quit this odious vicious Town
While you'd a Charm which you cou'd name your own?
Nay, while with Art, you could your Face repair,
Or black-lead Combs disguise the whit'ning Hair?
If this is, *Sylvia*, as you know it, true,
You fled no Pleasure; Pleasure, fled from you.

Why with Desire of Knowledge art thou fired,
Why; but to be some other Way admired?
No more thy Beauties can exact our Praise,
And mimick Virtue mult new Trophies raise.

From Piles of Books, this single Truth does flow,
Our Search is Folly; and we nothing know:
Thro' tedious Study, Men to Age advance,
And labour, but to learn their Ignorance.
In Native Blindness let me then remain,
And save my self an Age of useless Pain!
This I conceive full well by Nature's Light;
No Finite can take in the Infinite.

To

To ſeek to know what Heav'n conceals, is vain,
Should we ſuppoſe the Search is not prophane.—
Why in a Cockle don't we try to keep
The wat'ry Mountains of the briny Deep?
Th' attempt's not fonder than to hope to ſee
Into the Secrets of Eternity.

Here we are placed, but know not how, nor why
We now exiſt, and are decreed to die;
Whether, hereafter we ſhall live again,
Revive to endleſs Joy, or endleſs Pain;
Whether, in other Forms we ſhall be bound,
Or be for ever in Oblivion drown'd;
In bodies ſuited to the Element,
In Air, in Fire, or elſe in Seas be pent;
Or to ſome other Planet wing our Flight,
Which from ſome other Sun receives its Light:
Whether, for us, there is a Heav'n or Hell,
School-Men may gueſs; and, ſo may I, as well.

'Till Time had ſtol'n the Light'ning from her Eyes,
Sylvia, was never known to Moralize;

She

She gave a Looſe to ev'ry gay Deſire,
And own'd the tender Flame ſhe cou'd Inſpire;
No prieſtly Doubts, cou'd on her Joys break in,
Imprudence only was a mortal Sin:
By Conſcience undiſturb'd, ſhe calmly ſlept,
And Virtue ſuffer'd nought — the Secret kept.

Think not that I from Virtue e'er will ſtray,
By chuſing Fops, whoſe Vanities betray.
Virtue, we know, ſubſiſts in other's Thought,
And ſhe is virtuous, who was never caught:
Our Virtue then, is Prudence in our Choice,
On that alone depends the publick Voice:
You, ever chaſte, a Groupe of Youths enjoy'd,
But one Intrigue, *Mirtilla*'s Fame deſtroy'd.
The World by Outſide judges, and we ſee
Fame takes its Riſe, from what we ſeem to be:
A Veſtal thus, Imprudence ſhall undo,
While Caution makes a Veſtal ---- ev'n of you.

Cou'd we but ſee the World, without Diſguiſe,
What numbers ſhou'd we find of living Lies!

What

What wanton Female Saints; what praying Knaves;
What Coward Heroes, and what Virtuous Slaves!
What *Atheiſts* dreading, what they don't believe;
What pious Teachers, laughing in their Sleeve!
What Men of Honour ſcheming to betray
The thoughtleſs Heir, and ruin him by Play!
What wealthy Bankrupts, who by Outſide live,
What upright ---- who by ---- thrive!
What pious Bawds; what honourable Pimps;
What luſtful Stoics, and what holy Imps!

We all act diff'rent Parts from what we are,
And from our Playing gain our Character.
To hit the Mean, demands both Care and Art,
Some play below, and ſome o'er-act their Part:
Thus *Indola*, Impatient of Reſtraint,
Reveals the Wanton, while ſhe apes the Saint.
Veſana, wou'd a modern Pattern be
Of Moderation and Humility:
Twice ev'ry Day ſhe'll publick Pray'rs frequent,
Her Patience ſuch, ſhe can no Wrongs reſent;

Revenge! Oh fie, 'tis what she ne'er did seek,
Vesana is forbearing, just, and meek;
To the Necessitous a Friend: --- no more
She counts herself, than Steward to the Poor:
Yet for a Trifle, will this Lamb grow warm,
And roar as loud as a *November* Storm;
Swear like a Trooper, ev'ry Servant beat,
Curse her own Children, and alarm a Street;
Prey on the Needy by usurious Loan,
And surely make their small Remains her own.
When e'er the Old *Vertulus* ope's his Mouth,
He quotes the Scripture, *Tillotson* or *South*;
Laments the Lewdness of the present Age,
And makes perpetual War upon the Stage:
In all o'er-acts his Part, and we may see
The Knave, beneath a Mask of Probity.

As each is conscious of his own Disguise,
He views his Neighbour with more prying Eyes;
Prudent conceals himself, but seeks with Care
What is his Neighbour's real Character;

Thus

Thus do your Swords-Men of the Primier Clafs,
At once ſecure themſelves, and make their Paſs:
While like looſe Fencers, others ſhall receive
A deeper Wound, than that they aim to give;
Their Neighbours canvas with ſuch ardent Zeal,
That want of Caution does themſelves reveal.
This Theory, my Friend, I learn'd from you,
And Time has ſhewn, it is, in Practice, true:
What Judgment then, would *Sylvia* have me make
Of that Advice, ſhe wiſhes me to take?

Life is, you ſay, no more than tranſient Breath,
And ev'ry gaſp we fetch, we draw in Death;
Wherefore, we ſhou'd this trifling World deſpiſe,
And think of nothing, but eternal Joys;
Life yields but few, and thoſe not free from Pain,
Therefore from thoſe it yields, we ſhou'd refrain.
Does not this ſay, your Patrimony's ſmall,
'Twere better, therefore, you had none at all;
More prudent, ſure, wou'd be th' Advice to ſave,
And make the moſt of ev'ry Doit we have.

Does Reaſon teach us, that th' Almighty can
Conceive Delight in Miſeries of Man;
That he has made our State of Life much worſe
Than that of Beaſts; with Appetites to curſe?
Reaſon, you ſay, ſhould ſtubborn Paſſions break;
And yet you'll own, that Reaſon, is too weak:
Thus, the moſt boaſted Gift of bounteous Heav'n,
Is vainly, by your own Confeſſion, giv'n.
If ſeven Times, the juſt Man falls a Day,
Of what avail is Reaſon?---can you ſay?
Theſe Maxims are abſurd; ſince you muſt own,
By them, we're bound to do, what can't be done.
They are prophane; ſince want of Pow'r ſhall be
Puniſh'd (by them) with endleſs Miſery;
Or elſe (by them) thoſe who can nought deſerve,
Have Crowns of Glory laid up in Reſerve.

While you, ſuch ſenſeleſs Maxims dare advance,
Don't you depoſe a G--d, to ſet up Chance?
Diveſt him of his Attributes, and we
Loſe all Idea of the Deity?

They

They're Juſtice, Mercy, and Omnipotence,
His Omnipreſence and Omniſcience,
Which point out G–d, ineffable, ſublime,
Beyond all Limits, or of Place or Time;
Eternal Source of Light, of Life, of Bliſs,
In whom alone, centers all Happineſs:
Perfect and pure, unchangeable, and One,
To all gives Being, and derives from None.
Your Tenets ſhew him, what I ſcarce dare ſpeak,
A Being cruel, changeable and weak;
Who brings poor Wretches forth to Life and Light
To plunge 'em into living Death, and endleſs Night.

I dare not think thus wickedly, I own,
Of the All-merciful, Tremendous *One*.
Eternal Goodneſs, Reaſon ſays, can ne'er
Give me my Paſſions, but to prove a Snare.
Life is replete with Ills; by gracious Heav'n
To mitigate thoſe Ills, were Paſſions giv'n;
Theſe we may gratify, and treat as Jeſts,
The idle Menaces of greedy Prieſts,
Who for their Lucre feign'd a Heav'n and Hell,
T'enhance our Fears, and idle Pardons ſell.

A little Time, and we're no longer ſeen,
Nay quite forgot, as if we ne'er had been:
Shall we then, Pleaſures of this Life forgoe,
And make our Days one conſtant Round of Woe;
As if th' Almighty cou'd Delight conceive,
Seeing unhappy wretched Mortals grieve;
With Nature ſtruggling, mortify'd, refuſe
The Bleſſings, which he ſheds with Hand profuſe?
If in th' unequal Strife, we are o'ercome,
Can the All-merciful pronounce our Doom?

Such Thoughts as theſe, from Melancholy flow,
Which nought preſents, but Miſery and Woe;
Phyſick will teach you, that the Reaſon's plain,
The Spirits act not freely on the Brain;
Which if they did, were thin, were pure and clear,
We ſhou'd be chearful, and devoid of fear:
But when condens'd by Humours, dry, and cold,
We ſuffer change, and Fear invades the bold:
Then does our Fancy form a Thouſand Racks,
And we are turn'd to Beaſts, to Clay, to Wax;
Are Barley grain, and dread the hungry Fowl,
Now a Glaſs-bottle, then again an Owl;

Are Sick while well, while living we are dead,
Walk without Legs, and talk without a Head:
To day a purling Stream, we rowl along,
And, murm'ring, aid the plaintive Shepherd's Song;
Calmly we glide, yet fear tempeſtuous Rains
Shou'd ſwell our Tide, and deluge all the Plains:
To morrow ſees ſome other Fancy work;
No longer now a Stream, we're turn'd to Cork,
And dread the Skrew; or elſe a lofty Oak,
And apprehend the cruel Woodman's Stroak.
One fears to Urine, as a damning Crime,
For he ſhou'd drown the World a ſecond Time;
Another dreads, ſhou'd he careſs his Wife,
His ſtrong Embrace, wou'd terminate her Life:
Thus the Religious mad, with Fears of Hell,
Flies from the World, and's buried in a Cell;
For fancied Ills, does real Ills ſuſtain,
And lives the Martyr of an injur'd Brain.

Believe me, *Sylvia*, I ſuch Whims deſpiſe,
Terror of Fools, and Laughter of the Wiſe;
I know no Fear but one; and Love of Fame
Keeps me ſtill anxious to preſerve my Name:

'Tis

'Tis for this Reaſon I obſerve your Rule,
Cloſe with the Man of Senſe, and ſhun the Fool:
This gives ſome Pain, and oft a well-made Fop
Has tempted me, to let your Maxim drop,
Follow *Paulina*, who no Pleaſure flies,
Laughs at all Cenſure; ſtedfaſtly denies
Well witneſs'd Facts, and ſwears them monſtrous Lies;
You may believe, or not, -- juſt as you pleaſe,
For either Way, *Paulina* is at eaſe;
Enjoys her Fortune, finds the ſame Reſpect,
Or where ſhe's ſhunn'd, repays it with Neglect.

Martia, more anxious, like a Bully ſwaggers,
Threatens with pois'nous Draughts, or Mid-night Daggers;
Talks of ſome daring Friend, whoſe ready Sword
Will take Revenge for a reflecting Word.
Herculean labour! Loſs to *Britain*'s Crown,
What Numbers muſt he, ev'ry day, mow down!
What Numbers, *Martia*, has thy cruel Breath
Doom'd, by this Hero's Sword, to unripe Death!
For *Martia*, fond of Youth, her Arts employs,
And throws out ev'ry Bait to take in Boys:

Elated

Elated, these to the first Friend declare
How much they are Indebted to the Fair;
The Favours they've receiv'd, in Publick Boast
Describe, and make her hidden Charms their Toast.

Ametra judges right, that Joy's no Sin,
At Scandal laughs, and publickly lies in.
The poor and strong from her receive their Pay,
Grown weak or pert, for others they make Way.
Why shou'd the World *Ametra*'s Actions scan,
Is then Variety reserv'd for Man?
They, without Scandal, quit the Wife's Embrace,
And oft the Chambermaid supplies her Place:
A Countess weeps, a Peasant is caress'd,
And this, with Men, is treated as a Jest.
May not *Ametra*, then, without Reproach,
Enjoy the Lacky who's behind her Coach:
Love while she likes, and when she's cloy'd forsake,
Turn off one Lover, and another take?
Thus does she argue, and 'tis thus she does,
Treating her Fav'rites, as she uses Cloaths;
Wears them while fresh, and while they please the Eye,
Then for her Woman's use, she throws them by.

From theſe, Example I ſhall never take,
I'll be a prudent, tho' a Female Rake;
For Prudence is not to the Male confin'd,
Our Sex can boaſt as great a Strength of Mind.
I ev'ry Taſte enjoy; yet, with ſome Pain,
I, hitherto have liv'd without a Stain;
But then this Pain, does ampler Pleaſure give,
T'obſerve how artfully I can deceive.

Now learn how prudently I play my Game,
Nor fear, hereafter, I ſhall blot my Fame.
The Tim'rous Lover, aw'd by Virtue's Maſk,
Who ſighs for Joys he is afraid to aſk,
I ſoon diſcard; for he who dares not ſpeak,
I judge, for Secrets of ſuch Weight, too weak;
By haughty Airs, or by a cold Neglect,
I, eaſily, ſhake off the trembling Sect.
This too's a Maxim, which I learn'd from you,
The Man who Courage wants, wants Prudence too.

I never yet, could think my Secret ſafe
With Fools, who boldly at Religion laugh;
Who at all Times and Seaſons will be gay,
And are not mov'd at what the World can ſay.

Whate'er our Notions of Religion are,
On that profeſs'd, 'tis Folly to make War.

The Man, who on his Impudence relies,
And boaſts a gen'rous Scorn of all Diſguiſe,
Who boards the Fair, as Soldiers ſtorm a Town,
And with G-d D—ye's thinks to bear her down;
Whoſe Rhet'rick is, Nay—Z—ds, I know you well,
You are afraid—by G-d I ſcorn to tell,
B--d, I am ſound—D—n it, nay—why ſo coy;
Are not you Women, form'd, like us, for Joy?
Such Men, I ſay, whate'er their Rank may be,
A ſecond Time, find no Acceſs to me.
In ev'ry publick Place theſe Men I fly,
A bow from them's ſufficient to deſtroy.
As noiſy Bullies boaſt their great Exploits,
And talk of Conqueſts in imagin'd Fights;
So, theſe vain Bablers, with audacious Mein,
Will Favours boaſt, from thoſe they ne'er have ſeen.

The feather'd Fop, who makes his Dreſs his Care,
Shou'd not be truſted by the prudent Fair;
Fond of himſelf, and of his Conqueſt proud,
He will proclaim her Infamy aloud.

From

From others Follies, I have learned the Wiſe
T'avoid thoſe Shelves, on which I've ſeen them ſplit.

There is a Set of Men, from which I chuſe,
Who will no Favours of the Fair abuſe;
Who live luxurious, on the publick Sweat,
Drink richeſt Wines, provoking Viands eat;
For whom, *Burgundia* does her Vine produce,
For whom, *Tokay* ſends forth its flagrant Juice;
Whom neither Care nor Study does exhauſt,
Who for their Appetites will ſpare no Coſt;
Who are as anxious to preſerve their Fame,
(By which they live,) as the moſt prudent Dame,
Theſe are the Men with whom no Riſque we run,
To eaſe that Burthen, Cuſtom has laid on
Be ſatisfied, and baniſh ev'ry Fear,
(Pleaſure's my Chace, yet Reputation's Dear,)
Nor tremble while I rake, with ſo much Care.

LIBERTINA

F I N I S.